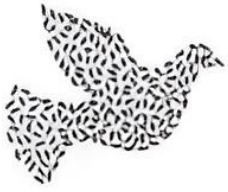
BLOOD ON OUR ~~HANDS~~



WRITTEN BY ESHA

Author's Note

The purpose of this book is to serve as a witness on the Day of Judgment that I did everything within my means to support the Palestinian people and seek the pleasure of Allah Almighty. I cannot thank Him enough for granting me the opportunity to write, and this work is not intended for fame, recognition, or personal impression.

The thoughts expressed herein are entirely my own, though the vocabulary, grammar, and sentence structures have been refined and enhanced with the assistance of ChatGPT, as I am not a professional writer. My sole aim is that this modest book may inspire you to stand against oppression — whether through words, actions, or by holding a conscience that rejects injustice.

May Allah Almighty be pleased with us and accept our efforts.

"Blood on Our Hands, Ink on Our Pages"

There are moments when words are the only thing standing between us and despair. When silence feels unbearable, we turn to the page. Today is one of those moments.

O my Good God, I am ashamed. Ashamed that I can sit in comfort while the world burns. Ashamed that I can watch mothers cradle the lifeless bodies of their children, fathers dig through mountains of rubble with bleeding hands, entire families erased in the span of a single explosion, and yet remain here — still, breathing, unscathed. Ashamed that, while the earth wails in grief, my hands are empty.

This shame swells inside me until it becomes an ache I cannot name. I am caught in a storm that shakes my very sense of purpose. I know, deep within my bones, that I was not created to simply watch the world unravel. I was not born to stand still while humanity bleeds**. But where do I begin? How can one small person mend a world so broken? How do I take the first step when every path seems swallowed by darkness?**

I look around me and see suffering everywhere. It is not just in the videos on my phone or the headlines that scroll endlessly across my screen. It is here, too, in my own neighbourhood, in the weary faces of the people I pass each day. And still, I feel bound by invisible chains — the expectations of my culture, the heavy hand of society, the fear of saying too much, too loudly. My heart is wild with longing to act, but my body stands still.

O my Dear Lord, I want to help. I want to serve. I want to be a vessel of mercy, a hand that lifts, a voice that defends. I feel as though I have glimpsed my purpose — to stand beside the oppressed, to speak for those silenced — but purpose without action is only a ghost. And so I sit here, pen in hand, asking the question that burns my soul**:**

Are my words enough?

Are my words enough to show You that I care?
Are they enough to carry a fraction of this pain?
Are they enough to matter?

The answer pierces me. No, my words are not enough. They cannot bring back the dead, they cannot rebuild shattered homes, they cannot stop the bombs. And yet, they are all I have.

Perhaps no one will read these words. Perhaps they will scroll past them, indifferent. Perhaps they will call them shallow, useless, naïve. But still I write. I write to quiet the storm within me, to keep my heart from hardening, to turn my grief into prayer. These words are my offering to You, O my God. I place them before You as proof that I have not turned away.

Yet, I cannot escape the truth: I write to soothe my own pain. I write to unburden myself, even as somewhere across the world a mother buries her child. I pour out sentences while someone else's hope slips away with their last breath. I sit in the safety of my room while children scream under falling bombs.

When did we become this?
When did we grow so passive that our activism stops at our screens?

When did we shrink our courage into tweets, hashtags, and whispered prayers, convincing ourselves we had done enough?
When did fear silence us so completely that even speaking the truth feels like rebellion?
When did we bend so low that we forgot how to stand straight?

Is it fair that my contribution ends with words, while another soul gives their very life? Is it fair that I sit here writing, while someone else's world is reduced to dust and ash? Is it fair that I am whole, while others are broken beyond recognition?

No, it is not fair. And perhaps that is why it hurts so deeply.

But maybe these words are not meant to be fair. Maybe they are meant to be seeds.

So I write, O my Lord, as an act of faith. I write because silence would be a betrayal. I write as resistance, as prayer, as a promise to myself and to You that I will not turn away.

Guide us, O my Good God. Awaken us from this sleep that numbs our hearts. Give strength to our trembling hands, courage to our hesitant voices, and weight to our actions. Make us more than bystanders. Let us be the ones who stood firm, who spoke truth, who acted, who refused to bow to fear. Ameen.

"In the Court of Heaven, We Stand Guilty"

O my beloved Palestine, forgive us.
Forgive us, for we have abandoned you. Forgive us, for the world has turned away from your anguish, pretending not to see the rivers of blood that run through your streets. Forgive us, for your oppressors have purchased the silence of nations with gold, drowning out the cries that should have shaken the earth. Forgive us, for those who once stood in the battlefields with courage and resolve now sit behind glowing screens, reduced to powerless witnesses of your agony.

I am sorry, Palestine, that my own country, like so many others, has shackled its people from even speaking your name with fire and truth. If it were within my means, I would not have waited for the second drop of blood to touch your soil before rushing to you. I would have stood with you, fought for you, and bled beside you until my last breath. Yet here I am, confined and powerless, and all I can offer you are these words.

Let God be my witness, O Palestine: if my hands could shatter the chains, if my feet could cross the borders, I would not hesitate for a single heartbeat. I would plant my body between you and the fire raining from the skies. I would refuse to move until your children could sleep without fear. But I am here, with nothing but a pen, and I am ashamed, ashamed that the only war I can fight is with ink.

And as I write, somewhere a mother may be rocking the cold body of her child. Somewhere, a father may be gathering the

fragments of what was once his family. Somewhere, a brother may be forced to identify his sister by her tooth, because nothing else of her remains.

What has blackened our hearts?

We were once a people who could not bear the cry of a single orphan, yet now we scroll past your suffering as though it were just another headline, another fleeting tragedy in a world drowning in noise.

And still, a deeper shame consumes me: that it is often the people of the West, not the Muslim world, who fill the streets for you, who shout until their throats are raw, who refuse to let your name be forgotten. And here we sit, muzzled and paralyzed, fearful even of raising our voices.

But you, O Palestine, you are still alive. You are the last nation that knows what it means to be a true believer. You are the ones who choose death over exile, the ones who shout truth even when it costs you your life.

And we, we who call ourselves believers, sit in comfort while our brothers and sisters are slaughtered only miles away**. Is this the heart of a believer**? **Is this what faith has become, to live in peace while our neighbours' homes burn?**

I question the religious leaders who remain silent. I question the rulers who barter with blood. I question the celebrities who choose their careers over their conscience. And I question myself, for even as I grieve, I am here, writing, not fighting.

But perhaps we have forgotten: no one holds the right to forbid us from helping our brothers and sisters. If we stood together,

united in faith and united in humanity**, who could silence us?** Those who oppress you are not God. They are mortals, and they can be resisted; they can be defeated.

What is required is a generation unafraid of death, a generation that fears only Allah, that loves truth more than comfort, justice more than life itself.

And this call is not only for Muslims. You do not need to be a Muslim to weep for a murdered child, to tremble at the sight of a bombed home, to feel the weight of another human's suffering. All you need is a heart still capable of being human.

Yet here I remain, writing, grieving, ashamed.
O my Good God, what have we become?
How have we let our hands grow so still?
How have we allowed our hearts to grow so weak?

And you, the one reading this — understand this now: every minute you stay silent, another life is buried beneath the rubble. Every second you delay, another child takes their last breath. Your silence is not neutral. Your inaction is not harmless. In the Court of Heaven, you will be asked what you did when the world was burning. And when that question comes, there will be no time left to answer.

"To Be Human Is to Feel"

This is not just about you.
This is about what it means to be human.

If you are truly human, you cannot watch the suffering of another soul and remain unmoved. You cannot see injustice and stay silent. You cannot turn your face away while someone else's blood soaks the earth.

If you are human, you will feel every cry, every scream, every silent tear. You will carry the weight of a stranger's grief as though it were your own. You will do whatever lies within your power, no matter how small, to lift the oppressed from beneath the boot of the oppressor.

If you are human, you will speak even if your voice trembles.
If you are human, you will write even if your words fall on deaf ears.
If you are human, you will refuse to let the pain of another pass through the world unnoticed.

To be human is not merely to eat, to drink, to sleep, and to exist. To be human is to rise when others are crushed. To be human is to become the shield that stands between the innocent and harm. To be human is to refuse to bow to fear, to refuse to let injustice become normal.

It does not matter who you are — Muslim, Christian, Jew, Hindu, or one who claims no faith at all. No true religion teaches the killing of the innocent. No true culture teaches oppression. And if any belief you follow seems to justify the

spilling of innocent blood, then it is time to question it. It is time to test its foundation.

Even if you follow no scripture, no tradition, no law but your own heart, that heart should be enough to tell you what is right and what is wrong. And if your heart no longer feels the difference, if you can watch suffering with dry eyes and an idle soul, then this is your wake-up call. Something inside you has fallen asleep. Something inside you must rise again.

Because to be human is to feel.
And to feel is to act.
And if we do not act, if we do not speak, if we do not even ache for the oppressed, then we are no longer truly human.

So I ask you, not as a believer of any faith, not as a citizen of any country, but as one human to another:
Will you remain silent, or will you prove that you are still alive?

"The Death of True Masculinity and Femininity"

We men and women boast so proudly of our masculinity and femininity, yet what a hollow display it has become. What a shallow, pathetic version of these sacred virtues we now celebrate. Tell me, what kind of masculinity do you claim to possess when you cannot even provide a single loaf of bread to the starving children of Palestine? What kind of masculinity is it that allows you to watch the oppressor crush the oppressed while your hands remain idle, your tongue silenced?

And you, who take pride in your femininity — what femininity is this, when only a few kilometers away, your sisters are being harassed, violated, and stripped of their dignity, yet you do nothing? Is this the femininity you glorify — one that weeps in secret but refuses to speak, refuses to act?

How far have we fallen that masculinity and femininity have been reduced to empty posturing, to boasting about delusional power, material possessions, or fabricated status — none of which are even truly ours? Even the body you admire in the mirror is not yours but a gift from God, one that will soon return to the dust from which it came.

So I ask you — all of you who claim to be men, who claim to be women, who wear masculinity and femininity like crowns of pride — where are they now? Where is your courage, your sense of honour, your duty to humanity? Where is your rage when the innocent are being

slaughtered? Where is your fire when your brothers and sisters cry out for help?

If your masculinity cannot shield the oppressed, it is not masculinity — it is cowardice.
If your femininity cannot defend the violated, it is not femininity — it is silence dressed in vanity.

"When Conscience Became a Casualty"

O my Lord, the world has not turned blind because it has lost its sight, but because it has lost its soul. It has forgotten its very purpose. It has forgotten that there is a Hereafter. It has forgotten that this life is but a fleeting breath, a passage — not the destination. They live as though they will remain here forever, as though death will never knock on their door, as though the earth will not one day swallow their bodies whole.

They live as though there will be no Day of Judgement, as though their hands will not testify against them, as though their tongues will not speak the truth of their silence, as though the blood of the innocent will not cry out against them.

They have clothed themselves with illusions, convinced that success is measured by wealth, by power, by the applause of the world — not by the weight of justice, not by the purity of their deeds. **They have sugar-coated their religion until it is no longer a call to action but a lullaby that rocks them into complacency.** They have deceived themselves into thinking they are the chosen, the privileged, the special ones — forgetting that the Lord is pleased not by names, not by claims, not by empty rituals, but by those who rise, who struggle, who sacrifice for His sake.

They have shrunk the definition of humanity until it is nothing more than eating, drinking, sleeping, and pursuing pleasure. They have confined their sense of duty to the walls of their own homes, believing that as long as their own lives are comfortable, they are absolved. They believe forgiveness will be given to

them simply because they desire it, as if mercy were a right and not a gift.

O my Good God, I do not question Your mercy — for Your mercy encompasses everything. It is Your mercy that allows me to pour my heart onto these pages. What I question is us — our actions, our apathy, our ability to sleep soundly while children scream under falling bombs.

O my Lord, do not let our hearts harden. Do not allow our souls to turn blind. Do not let us go astray. Ameen.

And to the world that reads these words, I say: if you can see a nation bleeding and feel nothing — then perhaps it is not your eyes that are blind, but your heart. And what is a human without a heart? Nothing but a breathing corpse.

O MY GOOD GOD, WHERE DO WE STAND?

Yes, my Dear Good God, I know this is no longer just about Palestine — this is about us. This is about who we have become, about our identity, our faith, our very souls. It is about who we truly believe holds power over all things, who we believe governs the heavens and the earth, and who we believe controls life, death, and justice.

O my Good God, I confess — I feel a deep and bitter jealousy toward the people of Palestine. While the world mourns them as victims, I see something far greater. I see them as victors. I see them as those who have already passed the test. I see them writing their names in the Book of Heaven with their blood. I see them as the ones who have pleased You, O Lord.

I see mothers whispering ***Alhamdulillah*** through their tears as they bury their children. I see fathers lifting their sons for the last time, not in despair but in dignity. I see children smiling through rubble, carrying faith that would make mountains tremble. I see a people whose belief is unshakeable, whose surrender is only to You — never to the oppressor. They question not Your decree, even as they cry out against tyranny.

But then my heart trembles, my soul quakes — for I fear the Day You will question us. I fear standing before You, **O my Good God**, and hearing You ask:

"Why did you not act? Why did you not speak? Why were you afraid of the world but not afraid of Me? Why did you

scroll past their cries? Why did you stay silent when you had a voice?"

And what answer will I have**, my Lord?** What defense can I offer? I cannot say I did not know, for I saw. I cannot say I did not hear, for I heard. I cannot say I had no means — for I had a tongue to speak, a pen to write, hands to raise, and knees to bow in prayer.

O my Good God, this is what terrifies me — that I will stand before You empty-handed, my head hanging in shame, knowing I lived my life in comfort while my brothers and sisters were slaughtered. Knowing that I was too afraid of the creation and not afraid enough of the Creator.

"We Who Bowed to Puppets"

O my Good God, we have lost our power — not because the oppressor is mighty, but because we have turned away from You. For if we had truly loved You, if our every action was rooted in the desire to please You, we would not have sunk so low in disgrace. We would not have allowed ourselves to be crushed until we could no longer even speak against those who wrong us.

The oppressor may seem to rule the earth, but I know — I know with certainty — that one day the tables will turn. Justice will descend, and tyranny will collapse into dust. I do not ask, **"When will this day come?" for that is not my concern. My question is far more terrifying: "What role am I playing in bringing that day closer?"**

O my Lord, You have declared that You do not change the condition of a people until they change what is within themselves. And I know — painfully, deeply — that change on the outside cannot exist without change within. But how can that change begin until we truly believe we will one day return to You? Until we live with the trembling knowledge that every moment, every silence, every choice will stand as testimony on the Day of Reckoning?

So I call upon every soul reading these words: Break the chains of worldly desires that keep you bowed. Tear off the shackles of fear that keep you silent. Rise as one body, one voice, one unstoppable force against the oppressor. For this is not merely Palestine's test — it is ours.

Since when did we hand over our God-given dignity to rulers who sell our futures for their thrones?
Since when did we allow leaders — mere mortals, mere puppets — to silence our voices?
Since when did we become so terrified of those whose strings are pulled by others?
Since when did we cower before creation while claiming to worship the Creator?
Since when? Since when?

And to you, O reader, I say this: if you can hear the cry of the oppressed and still sleep soundly, if you can watch injustice and feel no rage, if you can remain silent while the weak are crushed — then know that the oppressor's greatest victory is not over the land of the innocent, but over the soul of the living.

O my Good God, awaken us before it is too late. Do not let us meet You as a people who stood by and watched. Do not let us face the Day when the oppressed testify against us, saying, ***"They saw us bleeding, and they did nothing."***

"When Faith Became Just a Ritual"

Since when did the sanctity of life collapse into mere cycles of eating, drinking, and sleeping?

Since when did our purpose wither into a hollow pursuit of material gain and delusional power?

Since when did we become enslaved to our appetites, worshippers of our own ambitions, prisoners of our selfish desires?

Since when did we turn away from the cries of the oppressed, deaf to the anguish of our fellow human beings?

And to my Muslim brethren — since when did your faith become a checklist of rituals, devoid of action and courage?

Since when did you convince yourselves that paradise could be attained by lifeless prayers, while injustice runs rampant?

Since when did the slaughter of your brothers and sisters become ordinary news that barely stirs your conscience?

Since when did your hearts harden to the point that the sobs of children no longer pierce your soul?

Since when did you surrender your voice, your dignity, your destiny to cowardly puppets who sell your silence for their gain?

Since when… since when?

The purpose of your existence was never to spectate but to strive — never to merely survive but to resist — never to turn away but to confront evil, wherever it festers. It does not matter whether the oppressed is Muslim, Christian, Hindu, Jew, or without any faith at all — oppression is oppression, and silence in its face is complicity.

Today, your purpose stands before you like a raging fire — burning, screaming, demanding your attention. The question is **not *what is my purpose* — the question is *why do I still refuse to act?***

Begin somewhere. Anywhere. Choose one injustice that shakes you to your core and resolve that you will no longer be complicit in silence. Whether you are a doctor, teacher, engineer, artist, or merchant — speak. Act. Rally those who share your anguish. Forge a community that refuses to be numb. Together, you will

unearth solutions, shift perspectives, and strike blows against the darkness that engulfs us.

You were not born to consume and decay — you were born to create, to heal, to defend, to strive.
You were not sent to this earth to sleep through your purpose **— you were sent to wrestle with truth and falsehood, to fight against evil until your last breath**.

"In the Scales of Heaven, Did I Even Try?"

So many of us hesitate to take the first step, paralyzed by that whisper**:** ***What if I fail?***
But pause — who told you that you are a failure? Who etched this verdict upon your soul?
No one but yourself.

Failure is not a universal decree carved into the heavens — it is a prison you build with your own hands.
Those who live merely to please others have surrendered their very dignity, allowing others to dictate whether they are a success or a failure.
Those who chase the glitter of this world call themselves failures the moment they cannot clutch the next possession.
Those who anchor their worth to a test or a title collapse if they fall short — as if a single grade or certificate can sum up their entire existence.

But there is one path — a path so radiant, so unshakable — where you can never fail.
It is the path that leads to God.

On this path, there is no defeat.
Every wound becomes worship. Every tear is testimony. Every stumble is not the end, but a lesson, a refinement, a step closer to the Divine.
Even your heartbreak is counted, your silence is recorded, and your smallest effort is written in the eternal scrolls.

This is the path where no pain is wasted, where your scars are transformed into crowns, where every sacrifice becomes light.

But there is a condition: you must act for Him — not for applause, not for recognition, not for the fleeting approval of a world that forgets you tomorrow.
Speak if your speech is for Him. Rise if your rising is for Him.
Stand even if you stand alone.

So start today.
Speak against injustice. Stand where others are afraid to stand.
Break the shackles of fear that hold your heart hostage.
For on this path, you cannot lose — you can only rise.

And remember this: the true tragedy is not in falling.
The true tragedy is never daring to stand.

“Even a Whisper Counts”

This question once consumed me. It stalked me through my days, whispering in the quiet hours of the night: ***Do my struggles even matter?*** For so long, it left me paralyzed — teetering between the desire to act and the fear that my actions were meaningless.

Perhaps you know this feeling too. You can speak, to act, to resist injustice — yet the moment you scroll through social media and witness others already doing what you dreamed of doing, a shadow creeps in. You feel small. Insignificant. Powerless. You tell yourself**, “They have already spoken, they have already acted — what difference will I make?”** And slowly, you abandon your calling, silencing the fire within you before it ever has a chance to burn.

I have been there too.

But then came a piercing realization that broke through my despair: what truly matters is not how loud my voice is compared to others, nor how widely my work is celebrated, but how sincere my struggle is. What matters is the purity of my intention, the direction of my steps, the One for whom I strive.

My measure of success is not written on billboards or trending charts. **My true success is measured by how close I come to my Lord, by how faithfully I use the gifts He has given me to serve His cause.**

No matter what faith you follow, if your efforts are only for recognition, fame, or applause, you will forever remain thirsty — drinking from a well that never satisfies. But if your every act

is done for the sake of God alone, then even the smallest of deeds becomes monumental in His sight.

The people you see online, the ones who seem to be doing what you wish to do, are answerable only for their journey. You are answerable for yours. Their calling does not diminish yours.

I think of myself. Yes, there are countless brilliant writers around the world — celebrated authors whose names gleam on bookshelves and dominate headlines**. But should I silence my pen because theirs is mightier? Should I stop pouring my heart onto the page because someone else is already speaking? No. My words are my testimony.** They are my offering, my striving, my voice in the record of history — and they matter.

And here lies the sobering truth: no matter how rich, how powerful, how influential you become, it will all end.

The wealth you cling to will pass into other hands.
The authority you once wielded will dissolve into dust.
The name that once illuminated screens will fade until no one remembers it.
Your millions of followers will scatter.
Your "power" will be divided like spoils.

And then — you will stand alone.

Alone with your deeds.
Alone with your intentions.
Alone with the truth of whether you lived for applause or for eternity.

So pause, and ask yourself: Will the people you lived to please follow you into your grave? Will they stand beside you on the Day of Reckoning? Will they shield you from judgment when the veil between you and your Lord is lifted?

Set your heart on the path that leads to Him — and you will never fail. No tyrant, no critic, no voice of mockery can derail a soul that strives for God.

But this courage does not come from pride. It comes from sincerity — from a faith so pure that every word, every step, every breath becomes a testimony.

So rise. Speak. Act. Even if your voice trembles. Even if your efforts are small. Even if no one applauds. For no act done for Him is ever forgotten.

Better to stand before your Lord with trembling hands full of effort than with empty hands and the excuse that others were already doing what you never dared to begin.

“The Eyes That See Beyond Lies”

I may sound severe **when I call them “puppets,”** yet no word describes them more fittingly. Why must we tremble before those who have bartered away their souls for fleeting gains, who have been silenced by their own greed, who have mistaken this temporary world for eternity, who have enthroned their illusion of power as if it were absolute, and who have come to believe that the Giver and the Taker of life is a mere mortal?

Since when did we begin to fear such puppets?

If we truly understood — not merely with our tongues but with the marrow of our bones — that all power belongs to Allah alone, fear would vanish from our hearts like mist under the morning sun.

You may fear imprisonment for speaking the truth, yet those prison bars could be your liberation — for the soul that speaks with courage is far freer behind iron gates than the one that lives in comfort but remains mute.

You may fear the loss of your life, yet what greater honour than to have your soul taken in the cause of truth? Your martyrdom would not be a defeat but an ascension, for your sins would be washed away, and your blood would testify for you on the Day when every tongue will be silenced.

You may fear harm coming to your family — but does Allah not see? Does He not record every tear, every wound, every

injustice? Is His justice not more complete than any retribution you could ever deliver?

In every scenario, faith demands that you stand unshaken. If you truly believe in the Oneness of Allah, if you truly grasp that He alone is the Owner of life, death, and destiny — then these puppets should no longer terrify you. For they are but shadows on the wall, fleeting actors in a play that will soon end.

AN EYE OPENER

The current situation, as we all bear witness, serves as a profound eye-opener. It has unveiled the true nature of those who cloak themselves in the guise of victimhood, those who masquerade as merciful while planting twisted ideologies in our minds, those who present themselves as innocent while concealing cruelty beneath their masks.

This crisis has sharpened our vision, compelling us to perceive reality with clarity. **It is no longer merely a conflict between two nations; it is a battle between justice and injustice, between truth and falsehood.**

Yet, even now, those who persist in supporting the oppressor — despite seeing the blatant criminality and unbridled brutality — must confront their own conscience**. For I firmly believe that to be human, to possess a fair and unbiased heart, is sufficient to discern right from wrong.**

The people of Palestine have borne the raw cruelty of the oppressor, revealing to the world the darkness that resides in hearts that claim authority but betray humanity. They have shown courage, resilience, and unflinching faith, forcing the rest of us to confront the stark reality of what it means to stand for justice — or to remain silent in the face of evil.

“No Faith Can Condone This”

No religion, no culture, no ethnicity, no law, no nation, and no moral principle can ever justify the slaughter of thousands in Palestine. I do not claim to be supremely knowledgeable or profoundly pious, yet even the deepest religiosity or the loftiest scholarship could never legitimize the ongoing brutality.

And this is not limited to Palestine alone — the bloodshed in Iraq, Afghanistan, Libya, and countless other lands bears the same inescapable truth: there is no justification for the shedding of innocent blood**.**

Which religion, sacred or revered, could sanction such cruelty?

Which law would permit man-made famine?

Which human conscience could condone the displacement of thousands, the uprooting of lives, the erasure of dignity?

The truth is stark and undeniable: nothing can justify this, and nothing ever will. Even the statements offered by the oppressors themselves are riddled with contradictions; they have utterly failed to provide a credible rationale.

And yet, some continue to defend the oppressor**. To them, I pose this question:**

Will your conscience sanction the killing of an unborn child?
Will your faith permit you to shoot an innocent child seeking aid?
Will your morality allow you to crush a woman under a

bulldozer for defending her farm?
Will your ethnicity justify raining missiles upon someone's home?

Would you, in your own country, allow such inhumanity to unfold unchecked? Certainly not.

So why, then, do you allow it elsewhere? Is this how you honour humanity? Is this how you appease your conscience?

WAR OR GENOCIDE

It was never a war. It has never been a war. **From the very beginning, what has unfolded is neither a conflict of armies nor a battle of nations — it is an unlawful occupation, a calculated genocide.** Yet, the world continues to misname it as war.

Since when has the definition of warfare come to ignore the most basic tenets of humanity?

Since when has "war" been equated with the systematic slaughter of innocent civilians?

Since when has war included oppression, brutality, and the dehumanization of non-combatants?

Murdering children and unborn babies, forcibly displacing entire communities, demolishing homes, seizing humanitarian aid, cutting off medical supplies, bombing hospitals, schools, universities, and homes, destroying essential infrastructure — is this war, or is it a deliberate act of ethnic cleansing?

Even a layperson, untrained in the art of military strategy, can see the truth. Even the blind to politics or strategy can recognize the nature of this atrocity merely by hearing the accounts of the oppressor's unrelenting cruelty.

And yet, the world calls it "war." Why? Perhaps because they fear jeopardizing alliances, compromising trade, or offending the oppressor's influence. Perhaps because moral courage has been sacrificed at the altar of convenience.

No, this is not war. This is genocide. A crime so blatant that silence itself becomes complicity.

“When Media Becomes a Servant of Oppression”

I assert with conviction: if one dares to publish anything that exposes the oppressor in unflinching, unvarnished words, it would be erased within minutes**. The reason is simple yet damning** — much of the media itself exists in servitude, beholden only to the oppressor. They dictate the narrative, controlling what the world sees, what it hears, what is preserved, and what is deliberately erased.

Though we are numerous, our voices remain constrained. We have yet to forge a platform entirely independent of the oppressor, a space where the unadulterated truth can reach the world without obstruction.

Yet, despite their relentless efforts, the oppressor has failed to suppress the Palestinians’ voices. Despite journalists being murdered, cameras destroyed, and voices threatened with annihilation, the truth has nevertheless seeped into every corner of the globe**. This is the undeniable testament to divine will: when God decrees, no force can thwart His plan.**

The voice of the oppressed cannot be silenced. It pierces through tyranny and fear. **Today, each of us — irrespective of faith, ethnicity, or nationality — is Palestinian.** We bear witness. We testify. We proclaim the truth, and no chains, no threats, no power on earth can extinguish it.

“Tasked by God, Shackled by Fear”

A question that has likely crossed your mind has crossed mine as well**: why does it seem that God is not intervening on behalf of the people of Palestine?** Yet, if we examine the situation closely, it becomes evident that God *is* indeed aiding them — though His assistance may not be visible to us. He is granting them a sublime and eternal abode, for He has promised paradise to those who perish in His path. He has assured help and reward to those who endure with patience.

Though the aid may not manifest in worldly terms, it is clearly manifest in the hearts and souls of the Palestinians themselves**. How else can they remain steadfast and tranquil in the face of death?**

How can they resist fleeing their homeland amidst relentless bombardment if God were not supporting them?

How can their patience remain unbroken, their courage unwavering, and their spirits inspiring, if God were absent from their struggle?

How can they endure the loss of their loved ones, the devastation of their homes, and the hunger, thirst, and relentless suffering imposed upon them, without divine aid?

How can a mother accept the death of all her children, or a child endure the annihilation of his family, or a man remain content when the house he painstakingly built lies in rubble, if God were not sustaining them?

The people of Palestine bear this unimaginable brutality because God is indeed aiding them at this very moment. The question we ought to ask is **not *why God is not helping*, but *why we are not helping.*** How is it that, despite our vast numbers, we remain silent, unable even to speak against the oppressor**? What has rendered us mute? What prevents us from acting in defense of justice?**

To illustrate, consider this: a principal appoints a teacher to guide students in mathematics. If the students fail, and the teacher excuses themselves by claiming that the principal did not help, would such a justification hold any weight? The teacher was appointed specifically to assist. Likewise, God has placed us on this earth with the explicit mandate to aid humanity in times of need**. Yet, we question Him instead of fulfilling our divine responsibility. Is it not both misguided and futile to question God when He has already entrusted us with the task?**

“United We Rise, Divided We Fail”

There exists a timeless truth: ***united we stand, divided we fall***. Today, countless Muslim nations languish under hardship, and the reason is painfully conspicuous — disunity. Examine any Muslim country, and beneath its surface, one encounters struggle, stagnation, and despair**. Why?** Because sectarianism, prejudice, arrogance, and pride have fractured our collective spirit. Individuals cling obstinately to unfounded beliefs, blind to truth even when incontrovertible evidence lays it bare. This rigidity stems from a lack of critical thought, empathy, and tolerance among people of differing sects, ideologies, and perspectives.

Since when did pride and arrogance become the currency of our identity? It is no longer unusual to witness news of violence, murder, or brutality, often ignited by trivial disagreements that spiral into catastrophic outcomes. Compassion and mercy, the very essence of humanity, have been steadily eroded. **As I have emphasized, no matter your sect, religion, political affiliation, or ethnicity, nothing — absolutely nothing — can ever justify genocide.**

It is precisely this arrogance, this disunity among Muslim nations and their leaders, that emboldens the oppressors. They act with brazen impunity, confident that the consequences will never touch them. They exploit our fractured spirit, secure in the knowledge that we have abandoned courage and solidarity. Even when caught red-handed, they proceed unchallenged, their audacity a reflection of our collective weakness.

It is long past time for Arab nations, for all Muslim countries, and indeed for all nations of conscience, to unite with unwavering resolve against tyranny. When a single oppressor wields the power to bomb regions at will, it is a stark testimony to our failure — a failure of courage, of unity, and of principle.

Yet hope remains, fragile but unbroken. Despite the unimaginable suffering endured by the Palestinians, they still cling to hope — hope that humanity will awaken, will act, and will refuse to abandon them. **We must rise to meet that hope.** We must not fail them now, for to do so would be to fail not merely in action, but in conscience, in spirit, and in the very essence of our humanity.

THE FACE OF THE ARAB

What shocks me most is the true visage of the Arab world. Despite being fully aware of those orchestrating this relentless genocide, many continue to support the very architects of this atrocity**. What is even more disheartening is that these are the people upon whom Allah revealed His Book,** yet the lure of a lavish lifestyle and the intoxication of delusional power have led them astray, compelling them to side with the oppressors.

Even more shameful is the fact that while some non-Muslim nations have withdrawn support from the perpetrators since the onset of this genocide, many Arab nations have remained indifferent, their eyes blind to the suffering that cries out for justice**. What is truly devastating is their lack of courage to even speak against this injustice** — a matter grave enough that it has compelled even non-Muslims to raise their voices.

It is a profound disgrace that, since the inception of this genocide, I have witnessed more Western voices rising in protest, advocating for justice, and striving to confront the oppressors than from any Arab nation**. Since when did our focus shift so completely toward wealth and the transient pleasures of this life?**

Since when did the chains of materialism tighten around our hearts, reducing us to mere puppets of money?

It was because of these Arabs that it all began—those Arabs who, consumed by envy of the Ottoman Empire, believed that by aligning themselves with its adversaries—the so-called greatest thieves of all time—they could lay claim to what the

Ottomans possessed**. What a lamentable and misguided way of thinking:** to turn ill will toward one's own brothers and sisters and covet their possessions, placing trust in those who had no loyalty but their own gain. Yet, despite the clear warning in the Holy Quran not to place trust in the enemy, they allied with them. And when the horrific consequences of their actions became evident, they still regarded these thieves as friends, while the latter, fully aware of their advantage, stood to benefit in every possible way—eliminating the Jews and securing access to the canals that would further their plunder.

“Unshaken Hearts: Lessons from Palestine’s Endurance”

A dear friend once asked me a question that has lingered in my heart ever since I began reflecting on Palestine: ***Why the Palestinians? Out of eight billion people in this world, why them?*** The very nature of this question contains its answer. It is because God, in His infinite wisdom, knows whom to choose to exemplify the true essence of faith. He alone is the Knower of all things, the Revealer of what lies hidden in every heart. He knows the depth of the faith they hold—faith unshakeable, unwavering, and steadfast.

We, too, have all faced hardships in our lives, yet the moment calamity strikes, many of us falter, questioning God: ***Why me?*** Yet in all my observations, I have not witnessed a single Palestinian questioning God in this manner. Even in the wake of death, loss, and destruction—homes reduced to rubble, loved ones torn away—they declare with a collective and unwavering voice: ***Sufficient for us is Allah***.

Their faith moves hearts across the globe. Their patience and trust in the Divine have inspired millions. Surely, Allah knows best who among us possesses the steadfastness required to truly bear the weight of faith.

Another lesson emerges from their example: Allah has chosen to show the world what it means to be a true believer. Many of us lament the challenges of this era, claiming it is too difficult to remain steadfast amidst the temptations, trials, and fitnah of the modern world. Yet the Palestinians exist in the

harshest conditions, facing relentless brutality, and still their hearts remain anchored in devotion, their souls unwavering**. If they can manifest such unshakeable faith under unimaginable adversity, then why not us?**

If they can represent the true spirit of Islam in the face of oppression, demonstrating devotion, patience, and love for their Creator even while surrounded by devastation, then why should we falter? It has never been about the era we live in; it has always been about sincerity—with ourselves, with our actions, and with our Lord**. If they can hold their hearts alight with faith and devotion in the most trying of circumstances, then why not us?**

"Blind Eyes, Heavy Hearts"

A question often lingers in our hearts**: why must they endure such seemingly senseless suffering?** Yet, whether one examines life through the lens of reason or faith, one immutable truth prevails—nothing in this universe transpires without purpose, and nothing unfolds without consequence. Since the dawn of creation, every event has carried significance; every struggle exacts a price. Every triumph, whether in this temporal world or the Hereafter, demands sacrifice.

Consider a student labouring to conquer a gruelling medical examination. Endless nights of toil and innumerable hours of study may appear excessive, even futile, to a casual observer. Yet the reward is extraordinary: the power to heal, to serve, to save countless lives. From an external perspective, the struggle may seem gratuitous, but the path itself reveals the ultimate purpose**. Similarly, the suffering of the Palestinians—so often dismissed as "unnecessary"—is neither meaningless nor arbitrary**. Their wounds are worn as emblems of resilience, their trials as sacred badges of honour. They endure in the path of Allah, embracing sacrifice that transcends the ephemeral comforts of worldly existence.

And yet, to question the necessity of their pain is to confront a profound moral failing within ourselves. Despite our numbers, we remain powerless to alleviate their suffering. **Imagine this:** you walk down a crowded street and see a blind man struggling to cross. You avert your gaze, absorbed in your own concerns. Moments later, a cry shatters the air—the blind man has been struck by a passing vehicle. **Would you then question God,**

demanding why He allowed such misfortune, when the opportunity to act and intervene lay directly before you?

WHEN THE PROPHECY IS KNOWN, WILL YOU SURRENDER OR FIGHT?

Certainly**, a profound question posed recently by a friend:** when one already knows that the prophecy foretells the loss of one's land, as its rightful custodian or ruler, should one simply surrender, or should one fight? While it is true that the outcome of our souls—**whether we ascend to paradise or descend into hell—is already decreed by God,** does this absolve us from action? Is it reasonable to give up simply because the path ahead seems preordained?

The question of surrender or resistance might hold weight in a conventional war**, yet what we witness today is far from ordinary warfare; it is genocide.** And what assurance exists that passive resignation will end the suffering? What if those who wield power ascend to unconscionable heights while we remain silent? Even if destiny ultimately dictates certain outcomes, what is within our grasp is our conscience, our moral compass—the immutable guide that compels us to resist injustice, to oppose cruelty, and to act against oppression.

History remembers with reverence those who fought valiantly even in the face of certain defeat; their courage and resolve resonate through generations. In contrast, those who sit idle, succumbing to despair and inertia, are consigned to disgrace, their legacy tarnished by their inaction.

Is mere surrender enough to soothe the conscience of a just heart? Consider a metaphor: you are on the field in a high-stakes football match, facing an opponent renowned for their invincibility. Would you rather give your all, fight with

unyielding resolve, and perhaps lose with dignity, or resign yourself to despair and inaction, knowing that the outcome was inevitable**? The question is not only about victory or defeat**—it is about honour, integrity, and the refusal to let oppression prevail unchallenged.

Surrender may feel safe, but courage, even in the shadow of certain loss, defines the measure of a soul.

HAMAS OR ISRAEL

Hamas or Israel—this is no longer a matter of factions, nor a question of taking sides. It has become a matter of humanity itself. The urgent imperative is to bring **an end to this genocide,** for the innocent civilians bear no responsibility in this so-called war**. One critical question must also be asked:** even if Hamas were to lay down its arms, can we expect Israel to cooperate and halt the violence? Hamas has become a convenient pretext**; the true objective, it appears, is ethnic cleansing and systematic extermination.** It is Israel's lack of cooperation that has allowed this genocide to persist.

Consider an analogy: imagine being in a playground, pushed from behind. Initially, you might ignore it. But if the pushing continues, a confrontation is inevitable, escalating further as each side calls upon allies**. Now, if an authority figure**—say, the principal—intervenes and instructs both parties to cease, yet the aggressor refuses to comply, who bears the blame? Unbiased reasoning would place responsibility squarely on the noncompliant party.

This is precisely the scenario unfolding before our eyes. The brutality we witness is not war; it is not conflict.

Is the systematic killing of children war?

Is the rape of women a war?

Has the oppressor forgotten the **Geneva Conventions**, the codified humanitarian rules designed to protect the innocent? Have they disregarded the **Hague Conventions**, the legal and military statutes that govern the conduct of war? What we are

witnessing is not war—it is genocide. And it is incumbent upon the world to act decisively and exhaust every means necessary to bring it to an end.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN JUDAISM AND THE GOVERNMENT

It is important to draw a clear distinction between a people and their government. My intention is not to incite hostility against Jews or any religious or ethnic community. Hatred towards any faith or group has no moral or spiritual justification. In fact**, I have seen numerous Jewish voices on social media openly condemning the ongoing genocide,** which itself demonstrates that there is a crucial difference between the Jewish people and the policies of their government.

Judaism, like all major faiths, emphasises the sanctity of human life. **The Talmudic teaching from *Mishnah Sanhedrin 4:5* beautifully states:**

"Whoever destroys a single life is considered by Scripture to have destroyed an entire world, and whoever saves a single life is considered by Scripture to have saved an entire world."

This is one of the most celebrated Jewish teachings about the value of life. Those who have truly internalised the spirit of this scripture cannot, in good conscience, support a government that is engaged in the systematic killing of unarmed civilians.

What we must understand, then, is **that Judaism is inherently a religion of peace** — one that prioritises justice, compassion, and the preservation of life over oppression and bloodshed. Before we point fingers at the Jewish people collectively, we should recognise that it is often corrupt leadership and

propaganda that manipulate public opinion and commit atrocities in the name of the state.

Even though I have come across verses in Judaism that openly condemn war and call for peace, it is the government that is corrupt and manipulates individuals to support genocide. For instance**, the book of *Isaiah 2:4* envisions a world beyond conflict:**

"Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore."

Freedom — Just a Slogan

Lastly, I would like to reflect on the state of the world we live in today, where ***freedom*** is often reduced to a mere slogan pasted on billboards. In our societies, the concept of freedom has been distorted and trivialised:

- Where the proliferation of gender self-identification and nudity is celebrated as freedom.
- Where the indulgence in any form of consumption, including excessive eating, alcohol, or even violence, is labelled freedom.
- Where recreational drug use beyond a certain age is hailed as freedom.
- Where pharmaceutical corporations withhold cures and vital knowledge to serve their own interests, yet call it freedom.
- Where researchers are constrained to publish only what aligns with the agenda of the elite, and this too is deemed freedom.
- Where even institutions like the United Nations are powerless against the oppressor, and this impotence is disguised as freedom.
- Where anyone who dares to speak against the powerful or the oppressor is swiftly silenced.
- Where those who attempt to reveal the truth are buried beneath the weight of suppression.

- Where deaths of truth-tellers are conveniently misrepresented as suicides by the media.

In such a world, the genuine meaning of freedom remains hidden from the common person, who is made to believe that mere existence — being allowed to breathe or consume — constitutes liberty.

So I pose this question to all of us: Are we truly free? And if we are not, is Palestine truly free?